

The Wilbur Van

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/36682660) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/36682660>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	Choose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Fandom:	Minecraft (Video Game)
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2022-01-26 Words: 7447

The Wilbur Van

by [SootWilbur](#)

Summary

The following story is an adaptation of the scripts of 4 streams intended for production on the Dream SMP. Due to all 4 scripts being written before Ranboo's death it is best to take this story as being in it's own timeline that is respective of the character of Wilbur Soot. The actors have signed off that the actions taken by the characters in this story are accurate and representative. It is up to audience interpretation which timeline is canon to the greater storyline. For all future lore based around Wilbur, this is canon.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

The Wilbur Van. Act 2

Stream 1: The view from the bottom of the ladder

“No, no, no. It’s a good plan, Wilbur,” Tommy said, idly kicking at the sandy dirt around the burger van, “You just look like a dumbass building a road no-one will use.” He looked up and waited for a reaction.

The afternoon was hot and the sun was high in the sky. Wilbur sweltered as he placed metre upon metre of black, bubbling concrete powder into the desert sands. The thermostat was his enemy and the city in the distance shimmered like a mirage. It was a simple plan in his mind. To build a diversion away from Quackity to his burger van, a more appetising meal for the tired wanderer in the deserts of Las Nevadas. Served hot, medium rare and non-fungible. The people would simply rejoice, flocking from far and wide to get a taste of the succulent steak, grilled with american cheese, crispy red onions, lettuce and a single tomato. At least he hoped it was. Wilbur had tried Las Nevadas’ burgers before and they were good. Very good. Ranboo would surely be able to compete but he needed the correct marketing and to devote his energy to the right places. He would show Quackity who was really the mastermind figurehead. The only problem he faced was inaccessibility and infrastructure.

“Shut up, Tommy” He spat, kneeling as he smoothed out another air bubble from his road “People will use it. I asked around, everyone said they’d come buy from Wilburger they just didn’t know where it was.”

“It’s because they don’t want you to fucking blow them up again.” Tommy muttered. Wilbur chose

to ignore this.

“It’s because they don’t want Quackity to have a monopoly, actually, Tommy.” Wilbur was visibly exhausted despite little work progress “They understand the dangers of an uncompetitive economy.”

“You’re an uncompetitive economy, prick.” Tommy retorted proudly, his smile wiping quickly off his face as Wilbur turned and looked up at him, his eyes casting daggers. “What?” Tommy whined, “Jesus Christ I’m so bored. You haven’t even served a single burger in the entire time you’ve been doing this van thing.”

Wilbur paused his progress and dropped his weight onto both his palms pressed into the sand.

“Just get me more concrete, Tommy.” He said quietly. Tommy did not respond. Wilbur turned his head sharply, squinted up into the sun behind Tommy’s silhouette and waited. The silhouette nodded and scampered back to the supply tent down the hill.

It had been 4 hours but felt like 10. At least a dozen scorpions had been disturbed in Wilbur’s construction and a king cobra almost brought a sour end to the efforts but still Wilbur persisted.

The road would be phenomenal. Wilbur’s Jacket and socks sat in a damp sweaty pile on the junction as he worked smoothing out a stubborn bulge on the edge of the road.

Tommy brought him his concrete. Tommy also brought Wilbur a glass of water. Wilbur took both and said nothing. Tommy paused and walked quietly back to the van.

Across the sands in the city, Quackity would watch Wilbur from atop the needle restaurant. He wore a suit, no tie and idly fiddled with a poker chip he took for his own during the casino’s construction. He saw no threat in Wilbur’s activities. So why did he still feel a twinge of stress in his temples whenever he would set up his next competitive venture? Quackity could not determine whether it was guilt, jealousy or simply annoyance at this proverbial fly buzzing ‘round his soup. He chose to hatch a plan.

You see, the mind has a strange way of making one want to react even in situations where to remain idle would benefit it. The mind always wants to throw water on the grease fire, pull-up into an aerodynamic stall and pick at the scab. Quackity always felt a desire to react to his nemesis. Wilbur would receive Quackity’s summons not long after laying the halfway point of his road in early evening. The irony that Wilbur would be invited inside into a cold Las Nevadas restaurant just as the sweltering sun crested over the hill and began disappearing into the horizon was not lost on him. He smiled and chuckled into a cough before hoisting to his feet and strolling up towards the city lights.

Wilbur thought that the Las Nevadas’ skyline was bare. Propped up haphazardly in the middle of a desert and held together with concrete and tape, there’s not much that could be lost if a tornado swept through the entire place. He had written a poem about it before while ignoring Ranboo, talking about something he was far too interested in.

I am the gilding of the gold

I am the painting of the lily

I am the crushing of the sand

I am the tirading tide of bland

I am the taunting silver light which penetrates and scars the sky

I am the remnant hopes and dreams of all good men that come to die

I am the surgeon’s chromium dagger

I am turgid Las Nevadas

Upon his arrival it didn’t take long for Wilbur and Quackity’s discussion to deteriorate into arguments.

“And for what?” Wilbur shouted, on his feet, arms wide, “you to overthrow me again? What, you want my van now? Here.” he slammed the key on their table in the empty restaurant.

“Wilbur, I don’t want your van,” Quackity said calmly.

“Take my van!”

“Wilbur, I don’t want your van.”

A silence fell over the two, Wilbur breathing gently through gritted teeth. Neither of them knew it but the needle restaurant had just rotated it’s 5,000th time.

Quackity had simply asked Wilbur what he thought of the meal. This had progressed into arguments over the chef’s competence, then Quackity’s competence, then Wilbur’s demeanor. All Quackity needed to ask is if he could take his coat from him.

“Well what do you want?” Wilbur queried, vaguely gesturing outwards towards other non-existent restaurant patrons. “Huh? You have my money, you have my time. Hell, I’d even say you have my attention.” Quackity raised an eyebrow at Wilbur and he paused. “...Which is a lot for me.” He sunk back into his chair.

An innocent onlooker would think Quackity was treating a homeless man to a nice meal. The plates were empty but only Wilbur showed signs of having eaten. The purée stains sat stubbornly on the corners of his mouth and his shirt. Quackity had worn a serviette bib.

“You want my dignity” Wilbur opined.

“I don’t want your dignity, Wilbur.” Quackity responded, tersely now, growing tired of Wilbur’s insolence. He forcefully cracked a smile, “Aside from your jacket for the cloakroom, I want your wisdom”

“Oh! My wisdom!” Wilbur was standing again, “My wisdom! Well how about you crack open my head with a meat tenderizer and scoop it out?” Wilbur also cracked a wry smile “...or a pickaxe?”

“Sit down, Wilbur.” Quackity snapped. Wilbur sat.

“The thing is, running a nation is hard,” began Quackity, Wilbur’s eyes attempting a roll, “you have a lot of people depending on you, they invest their lives, their time and their future into your hands... It’s a cliché but they pay through blood, sweat and tears.”

“And I just don’t think I can offer my people the best life on my own.” He continued, “Wilbur, I want to offer you a position.” This sentence stirred Wilbur and he finally seemed to have time to listen.

“You’ve proven you’re not as volatile anymore, you’re not a threat to me and I think you’re ready to reenter government.”

“Reenter government?” asked Wilbur, “What... but what’s the catch? If I-”

“No catch.” Quackity interrupted, placing a contract on the table. A handwritten parchment checked, authorised and checked again in such a thorough way only Quackity could accomplish. Wilbur paused and for the first time in a long time, began to feel humbled.

“I don’t think I can govern your nation, Quackity.” He said softly. “I appreciate the respect you must have for me to put me in a position of power but I just don’t think my reputation would grant anyone the peace of mind you are looking for.”

“I’d still be president.” Quackity replied.

“But then I’d have to be behind the scenes. What trust can people put in their government if that comes out?”

“You wouldn’t be behind the scenes.”

“What do you mean?” Wilbur breathed, these words falling off his tongue and landing into a short silence.

“You’d be a figurehead just as much as I.” Quackity spoke slowly, “We’d work together.”

“You’d want another coalition?” Wilbur asked, “Big Q, I... I think if I were to be in power I’d want to rule alone.”

“Rule?” There was a further pause, Quackity seemed just as confused as Wilbur for a moment before his eyes lit up and he chuckled. “Oh. Oh god no, Wilbur. You wouldn’t rule Las Nevadas.” Wilbur’s humbled expression began to fade.

“You’d be my vice president!”

Suddenly the world came to an end right in front of them. The words dropped like a guillotine which sliced the entire SMP into two perfect halves. What a coincidence that the apocalyptic guillotine seemed to strike perfectly in the centre of Wilbur’s skull.

And what a coincidence that only Wilbur seemed to see or feel it happen.

“That’s what you brought me here for?” Wilbur replied shakily, trying to contain his rage, “you deem me a vice president?”

“I deem you a qualified leader, yes.” Quackity replied calmly.

“Do you understand how insulting your charity attempt is?”

“I don’t think it’s insulting. Don’t forget I was once a vice president.” Quackity chuckled.

“Yeah, well I couldn’t stoop that low.” Wilbur slammed his fist on the table and stood up.

“Wilbur, you forget yourself.” Quackity spat

“Hah.” Wilbur replied, mocking Quackity’s intonation “Wilbur you forget yourself. Quackity you forget where you stand next to me. You are in my shadow. Act like it.”

Quackity’s eyes furrowed.

Wilbur continued, “Maybe it’s not a coincidence that every single idea you’ve had has failed under your guidance.” he spoke his next sentence slowly, one word at a time. “You are a walking second place medal.”

“Yet you are the one who lost an election even when you tried to rig it.” Quackity snapped. Like a whip, almost as soon as he had finished his last word, Wilbur was struck out of his rage. “Get out of my nation.”

“You’re kicking me out?”

“Yes. Leave.”

There was a pause. Wilbur glanced around the restaurant, taking in everything he could before his ejection.

“How about we organise a way for me to lead a branch of your government?” Wilbur seemed to be begging.

Quackity was unmoved. “Any more words used on you would be a waste of both our time.”

“Look, Quackity, you’re a smart man-”

Quackity snapped, “If you really valued my intelligence you wouldn’t need to remind me.”

“I’ll be out of your hair, you’ll never have to think about me again, I-”

“I don’t think about you at all.” Quackity replied, Wilbur’s face plummeted.

A silence fell across the room only broken by a gentle squeak of the rotating cogs. Quackity shattered the silence like ice;

“Oh, Wilbur. How relaxing it must be to have a mind unburdened by embarrassment.”

The elevator pinged and opened in front of him. Through Wilbur’s apparent numbing red mist he somehow managed to navigate his index finger to the ground floor button and after holding it for what an onlooker would deem a ‘questionably long time’ released it to a satisfying elevator ping. Tommy would be waiting for him at the bottom of the restaurant, idly pouring sand between his two hands.

“Wilbur! How was it?” he asked, standing up and walking towards him. “Did you steal his eyes? I would’ve stolen his eyes but I’m built different.”

Wilbur didn’t really answer, staring past Tommy and towards a knocked over outdoor patio chair covered in sand. He smiled, shook his head and replied,

“There’s nowhere left to go but up.”

The Wilbur Van. Act 2

Stream 2: Horseplay

Ranboo missed a lot of things from back home. Being on the outskirts wasn’t all it was cracked up to be from Wilbur’s persuasion. He missed his home, he missed Tubbo and he missed Michael. Still, Ranboo saw something in Wilbur. He saw a man trying his best to carve out a legacy and a man at his lowest trying to gain redemption. But unfortunately he also saw a man with an

insatiable pride, a man who was a living bomb about to explode and, scariest of all, he saw a bit of himself.

Tubbo walked out the back of the Las Nevadas burger bar and bumped into Ranboo who was sitting on the hill.

“Oh! Hi, Ranboo” Tubbo chirped as he dumped a garbage bag full of old food into the dumpster.

“Hey, Tubbo!” Ranboo chimed back at him with a wave,

“Just hanging out by the bins, huh?”

“You know me.” Ranboo scratched his cheek and an awkward silence fell over the two. Ranboo wanted to tell Tubbo he missed hanging out. Surely Wilbur wouldn’t mind if they just went for a walk between shifts?

“Hey, I wanted to ask-” they both said in unison and laughed.

“You first” Ranboo insisted

“Okay! I wanted to know if you wanted to come into the restaurant for something to eat? Big Q said I can have anyone round after my shift is done as long as they purchase something at least \$20” Tubbo smiled and Ranboo felt a wave of relief over him.

“I was gonna ask you pretty much the same thing.” He said

“Really?” Tubbo shouted incredulously

“Yeah, I’d... I’d need to ask Wilbur though, I don’t think he’s keen on me hanging out in the city.”

“I can bring the food out to you! We can eat across the borders!” Tubbo suggested, “Look! I can even bring out a table and chairs and we can push them down the hill at the end of our meal and see which one rolls the farthest! I have this theory that the chairs will go further simply because they have a tall rounded back and the tables can only go so far before they land on their top-side. It’s like a 50/50 chance really.” Tubbo unfastened his cooking apron and scrunched it into a ball in his hands.

“Let’s do it.” Ranboo said, all of his worries washing away in an instant.

The meal ended up being superb. Ranboo, who seemed unable to turn down Tubbo’s plentiful offerings of a meal he called ‘far-too-much-food’, slowly, pissedly staggered down the hill back towards the burger van where he could only make out the faint shape of Wilbur smoking a cigarette. Ranboo approached him timidly. Wilbur stood in front of the van door, he only did this when he was about to ask Ranboo to do something intimidating. Ranboo was right.

Wilbur had plans for a heist this evening.

The plan was, under the cover of darkness, to steal Quackity’s prize horse ‘Boner’. Boner had been named during a more whimsical time in Quackity’s life when he was less weathered by the winds of responsibility. Wilbur knew it well as one of the only things Quackity brought with him from old L’manberg to Las Nevadas. It obviously meant the world to him.

Ranboo had his reservations and debated declining Wilbur’s offer but Wilbur persisted by playing on the concept of the greater good. For how else would they topple the obelisk of tyranny if they didn’t start at the foundations? After all, it was a tame heist all things considered and Ranboo would do well for his job prospects to accept.

In this hollow fact Ranboo found himself an accomplice once more.

You would expect a criminal to wrap themselves in jet black silks or camouflage jumpsuits but Wilbur simply wore burgundy. Ranboo tried to at least primarily drape himself in the blacks from his wardrobe but Wilbur almost teased the idea of being caught in the act.

“Not even a black coat?” Ranboo asked

“Gotta make the heart beat somehow, Ranbus.” Wilbur responded, stuffing a handful of fries into his mouth.

As the clock struck midnight the pair began ascending the hill towards the city. The only lights guiding their path were those reflected from the glowstone in the fountain, scattering a bouncing effervescent pattern across the walls of the city buildings. The streetlights were all completely devoid of light. Las Nevadas had no need for streetlights in the early hours of the morning so

switched them off to allow it's few citizens a sleep undisturbed by light pollution.

The two snuck quietly to the corner of Tubbo's burger restaurant and Wilbur raised his fist to signal Ranboo to stop. He checked their surroundings before opening his palm and walking out into the street.

Ranboo was scared. Maybe he was excited. Ranboo struggled to tell the difference between the two sometimes.

Sulking past the restaurant, crawling behind the strip club and sneaking between two construction sites lay a small paddock. Constructed out of shoulder-height wooden fences left over from the building efforts. There, stood gormlessly in the sand, was Boner.

"Take this." Wilbur said, passing Ranboo a crude rope fashioned into a leash. Ranboo took the leash and Wilbur climbed into the field and delicately tied the other end to Boner's neck.

"Wilbur, I don't think I want to hold the horse." Ranboo protested, limply gripping his end of the leash in his hands. Wilbur snatched it like a ripcord.

"If you're scared, We'll do it together." He winked at Ranboo before leading Boner to the edge of the paddock. Ranboo removed two wooden panels from the fencing allowing Wilbur and the horse to walk out of the field and into the streets. The three conspicuously began walking back to the van.

It wasn't long before they were spotted.

"What are you doing?" asked Tubbo quietly, cleaning his windows as they approached his burger restaurant.

"None of your business, Tubbo." Wilbur responded, "Eyes to yourself."

"That's Quackity's horse." he spoke, louder this time.

"Oh geez. Ranboo, I don't have time for this, you deal with him." Wilbur scrambled down the hill, yanking Boner quickly away from the scene.

Ranboo took a few small steps towards Tubbo, "Hey, man, maybe you should go back inside."

"Big Q told me to take care of that horse." Tubbo replied, "I've been feeding him every day."

"Well, he's in safe hands." Ranboo lied. "We're gonna hold him ransom but you know Wilbur would never hurt it. He's too soft."

"No he's not." Tubbo blurted, a tremble in his voice. "Bring the horse back. Now."

"No, Tubbo." Ranboo said, trying to be firm. Tubbo, unperturbed by Ranboo's stature over him, dropped his cleaning rag.

"You're gonna end up hurting him. Even if you don't intend to, you will. Wilbur always hurts innocent things and it's not fair. The horse did nothing wrong." Ranboo didn't respond. He just stood there, slightly hunched staring down at the boy.

"Ranboo, make him bring the horse back." Tubbo begged quietly, his voice sounding trembly, diminished and tired.

"No, Tubbo."

"I'm gonna have to tell Big Q"

"Don't tell Big Q. Tubbo, It's for the greater good."

Tubbo felt his rage build up inside him, "Nothing Wilbur does is for the greater good! He takes and he takes and everything is his own little mission of revenge. Can't you see? He's made you think you and him are alike but you're not. Ranboo, you're better than this I-" Ranboo felt the fuse inside him finally reach it's payload.

"Tubbo!" he snapped "For God's sake, just give him a chance! I know that I haven't always made the best decisions with who I trust but this time I swear to you that things may not always be as bad as you think! I mean, People change, people get better and if you never give them a chance to prove it you'll be stuck hating everyone that has ever wronged you and you won't have anyone left..."

A silence fell over the two. Tubbo's eyes began to wet and he quickly turned around and walked away. Down the hill Wilbur cheered and lit up another cigarette "Atta boy, Ranbus!" he gloated. Ranboo felt sick.

The next day, back in paradise on the outskirts of Las Nevadas, beneath the oak trees by the lake, Wilbur and Tommy's HQ was buzzing with light. A welding torch was scattering sparks like fireflies in the dark evening light as a very tired Tommy methodically lined redstone on the hard rocky floor. Quackity would surely have seen it from his window in Las Nevadas, however he was asleep, ready for his usual early morning rise.

Tommy focussed intently on his job, negating his exhaustion as much as possible, only letting his focus slip occasionally to quip something funny to Wilbur. Wilbur enjoyed the company and laughed along but fretted for the handiwork of Tommy's wiring. For if a single piece of the red powder was not connected properly the entire circuit would break.

"Wilbur," Tommy asked with a whining inflection

"Yes, Tommy?" Wilbur responded, muffled by the welding mask strapped to his face.

Tommy sniffed and wiped his nose on his forearm, "How do you know this plan will work?"

"It doesn't matter what plan I come up with." Wilbur replied "All Quackity wants to make sure is that I'm not winning."

Wilbur's mind worked like a firework. He would have intense flashes of an idea and a storm-like energy coupled with it but found it hard to maintain that energy further into his work. It was as if two minds sat in his skull, one who sat dormant on a lounging recliner, sipping gently on lemonade and watching the mess through two miopic windows. The other half sat at the helm; clueless, scared but confident. Occasionally the reclining mind would speak up and present an ingenious idea then fall back to languor. The working mind would then slog the task.

Nonetheless, he felt he had gotten this far in life by following his gut and chasing those storms, he had grown so accustomed to perseverance the next time the firework bloomed it would greet him as an old friend.

This firework had bloomed in the form of vengeance.

Wilbur had set up a marvelous trap. Rigged to an explosive device was a pressure plate, bending the wires in such a way as to only be triggered upon the plate's release. Meaning the TNT would only detonate not when someone stands on top of it, but only when they step off of it afterwards. This plate was a stone one, meaning any person or creature could set the trap off.

"So why did you choose Quackity's horse?" Tommy asked.

"Easy to get a hold of." Wilbur chuckled, "Quackity doesn't really care about that horse, I'm just showing him a fraction of what I can do."

Quackity's horse 'Boner' obliviously chewed old carpet across the room from them, completely unaware he was about to be detonated because he is a horse that cannot speak English.

"But how do you know this for sure?" Tommy asked

"I just do." Wilbur answered, a little more sharply than usual.

"But you've said stuff like this before and it wasn't true. You've got a bit of a track record of lying." Tommy said

"I have never lied to you." Wilbur spoke firmly. The atmosphere of fun and whimsy quickly drained from the room.

"I mean..." Tommy began, "That's not true. I've had so many people lie to me including you."

Wilbur shook his head, "I've never lied to you."

"What about the pit? What about the stuff you said about Tubbo betraying us in L'Manberg? what about when you said no-one would hurt Tubbo?"

Wilbur lifted his mask

"If I truly believed it was the truth, does that make me a liar?"

Tommy thought for a moment. "Well, not exactly but-"

"That's the difference between me and Schlatt. That's the difference between me and Phil. That's the difference between me and Quackity." The sparks had stopped flying so it was impossible to make out Wilbur's facial expressions as he spoke. "I have never lied to you. I have been wrong but never lied to you, Tommy. I won't lie to you. Do you trust me, Tommy? 'Cos right now I feel like you don't trust me."

These words Wilbur spoke, these words that had calmed the strongest men and built entire nations

had no effect on Tommy anymore. They just made him a little frightened. Tommy had heard Wilbur speak like this many times but it never got easier. He felt he had done something wrong simply by posing his point of view and he felt like the antagonist when all he wanted was an answer.

“I trust you Wilbur.” He said quietly.

Wilbur brought his visor back down and carried on his work.

After a long night, the trap was set. The two went to bed, Wilbur slept soundly and deeply whilst Tommy stayed awake.

Tubbo was wrong. The table rolled the farthest.

Wilbur Van Act 2

Stream 3: Hitting on 16

Tommy left to go home early in the morning of the day of Wilbur’s plan. It was a cold morning but the summer sun had just started to evaporate the dew leaving a humid mist in Tommy’s wake as he walked up the half-finished highway and towards the forests leading into the Dream SMP. Tubbo also stirred early, having had trouble sleeping the nights prior he decided to make use of his time and try to get work done. He donned his apron, cleaned the friers and started his shift. It didn’t matter, as no patrons even strolled past, but Tubbo forgot to flip the closed sign to open. Surely there was more to his job than this? Tubbo was Big Q’s prize coworker and, almost out of spite, Tubbo felt he had something to prove. If not to Quackity then to Ranboo.

Ranboo hadn’t slept. He went for a walk, toeing the outskirts of the city and visiting the Las Nevadas rendition of the Eiffel Tower. No matter how hard he tried, he couldn’t seem to switch his brain on, it was as if the morning humidity had permeated his skull and every one of his thoughts simply disappeared into the fog as soon as they were made.

Wilbur awoke with a spring in his step.

Under the lake by the burger van, just below the sandstone holding up the topsoil sat Wilbur’s contraption, currently un-primed. The wires were redirected from the TNT to a simple redstone lamp. Wilbur lay, belly down on the stone floor, gently pressing onto the trigger and releasing it, satisfied that the lamp illuminated upon doing so. A smile grew wider across his face as he repeated this quietly to himself again and again. Boner the horse had been moved, now tied up in this cavern, dehydrated and hungry. Wilbur had more important things on his mind.

Constructed on one side of this cavern was a glass viewing bay, just out of range of the TNT blast and accessible from Wilbur and Tommy’s HQ where the redstone had been programmed. This platform, behind the reinforced glass with Wilbur sat next to him, was where Quackity was to watch his horse die.

As Wilbur started to stand up, the trapdoor hatch to the viewing platform swung open scattering natural light into the otherwise dimly lit cave. Wilbur squinted into the morning sun as Ranboo began to descend the ladder.

“Ranboo!” Wilbur cheered “You ready for the big day? I know you’re not much of a fan of horse viscera so you don’t have to sit in the viewing bay during detonation. Look, I made you a little trap door here;” he gestured up to another trapdoor on the ceiling of the TNT room “when the explosion has occurred you’re welcome to come join us down here to see Big Q’s reaction. You won’t want to miss that. There’s a ladder to the viewing platform here.”

“I don’t want to use that trapdoor.” Ranboo replied, bags under his eyes and a tired croak in his voice. “I swore to never enter that section of the cave. There’s too much TNT.”

“Well, by the time you use it, Ranboo I hope the TNT has already left the room” Wilbur chuckled into a cough. “If you won’t use the second trapdoor I’ll just remove it. No biggy.”

The viewing bay was adorned with decorations, a sign that read ‘Thank you! Happy day!’ was scrawled in a childlike font just next to a fake exit door. An equally childlike painting hung on the wall depicting Wilbur and Quackity as stick figures, Wilbur on a #1 podium and Quackity sat on

the #3 podium with a storm cloud over his head. Ranboo is drawn in slightly more detail holding a big thumbs up on the #2 podium.

“Is there anything I can get for you, Wilbur?” Ranboo asked with a flat tone.

“Oh, Ranbus! A lemonade and first edition Wilburger!” Wilbur replied, he looked down and saw his hands covered in dirt and soot from the cave walls “I’ll come up with you to wash my hands. Afterwards we should go and get Big Q, it’s his big day after all!”

Ranboo nodded and exited the viewing bay via the trapdoor. Wilbur switched off the lights and followed him.

Quackity quietly sat in his office listening to the methodic ticking of the grandfather clock by the door. His work already finished by 8am he slowly sipped on a brandy and reclined his chair as far back as he could go without spilling it. With a sigh and a push of his feet he managed to glide his seat over to his window and began scanning the horizon. The sand on the hill seemed to dance as the heat bounced off of it. Quackity maneuvered his desk fan to his trajectory and yawned. There was nothing to do. If there was another person in his room he would’ve tried harder to contain his excitement as Wilbur crested the Las Nevadas boundary.

“We take Quackity into the viewing bay, flip the lights on and show him his horse primed on the plate.” Wilbur began to Ranboo as they trudged up the sandy hill once more “Then we explain how the system works. When Quackity has understood the ingenious complexity of the contraption, I pull a carrot from my inventory and watch as his dumb horse strolls towards us, detonating itself and the entire cave. Quackity cries, we laugh, Quackity never messes with me again.”

“Because you didn’t want to be vice president” Ranboo interjects

“Because I shouldn’t stoop as low as to be vice president, Ranbus my boy” Wilbur said, correcting him and placing a hand on his shoulder, “and besides, I’m president of the best damn burger van with the best damn chef around.” Ranboo smiled.

The pair continued past Tubbo’s burger restaurant, closed and with Tubbo not inside, Then to the grand casino building, the two knocked on the side door to the administration offices.

One would expect at least a security detail for Quackity but alas, Wilbur and Ranboo were able to effortlessly navigate the admin building with not so much as a locked door. Reams and reams of documentation lined the corridors as filing cabinets seemed to be in short supply. Each document was as confusing as it was elaborate, signed off meticulously with Big Q’s signature. He was a beurocrat after all. The pair approached a large mahogany door with a golden Q emblazoned on the front, the smell inside the room was so strong it penetrated the corridor they were standing in, old books and cologne; a casino. Wilbur knocked three times with the blunt end of his fist and a voice, almost auditioned, beckoned them inside. He turned the handle and swung open the door to reveal Quackity, sitting at his desk with three glasses in front of him. He flipped a poker chip idly between his fingers and posed as if he was preparing for a photograph. Wilbur contrasted the scene by immediately clearing phlegm from his throat,

“Quackity! How are you?” Wilbur asked, taking in the scene

“I’m doing marvelous, Wilbur, yourself?”

“Couldn’t be better.” There was an awkward pause and Quackity almost dropped his poker chip.

“Please, take a seat.” Quackity insisted, standing up and pouring the two of them a drink, “I didn’t think I’d see you back here so soon.”

“No, I mean, me neither. But I just had to come in person.”

“Is this about my offer? It still stands. I think you’d make a great vice president, Wilbur.” Quackity offered with a smile, a vein bulged on Wilbur’s forehead.

“That’s not why I’m here, Quackity and I think you know that.” Wilbur said, cranking out the most realistic laugh he could manage “I actually have a gift for you.”

“A gift?” Quackity’s eyes widened, “well where is it? I’d love a gift.”

“It’s back in paradise. The burger van.”

“At the burger van? Is it too big to carry?”

“Oh, very much so.” Wilbur responded with a smile. “Come,” he continued, “let’s take you there now.”

Every part of Quackity’s being could tell this was the most simple trap he’d ever seen. Wilbur was most likely aware of how suspicious he looked but most likely did not care.

“Okay, I’ll bite.” Quackity said, sitting back down “what’s the catch? You’re gonna take me back and leave Ranboo here to graffiti my office? I’ve seen your graffiti, Wilbur, it’s not good. You need to use primers when you draw penises on our city walls we can just wash them off otherwise, it took the janitors five minutes to-”

“It’s not graffiti.” Wilbur interrupted. “It’s a gift. An actual real life gift. I wanted to say sorry for snapping at you in the restaurant the other day.” Wilbur almost sounded sincere and, for a moment, Quackity was intrigued.

Wilbur only needed this moment, because five minutes later the three of them were strolling back to the burger van, Quackity being flanked by the two of them, Ranboo not saying a word.

The air was still. Birds seemed to leave the area around the van in anticipation of what was to come and the sun dipped behind a patch of gray clouds just as the day was reaching its climax.

Wilbur, despite designing the TNT to be the perfect distance from injuring himself or Quackity, failed to measure the distance between it and the van. He hoped instead his rough design under the water of the lake would allow protection for all the surface damage. He also failed to actually test if the redstone line was connected to the TNT as he was too afraid of setting off the dynamite too early. As they approached the van all of these thoughts danced in Wilbur’s mind and a single bead of sweat dripped down Wilbur’s head. His heart pounded in his chest and he felt alive.

“Quackity.” Wilbur tapped Big Q on the shoulder, “Down there.”

Quackity looked down at the trapdoor inside the HQ and then back up to Wilbur. With a little hesitation, Quackity gently raised the hatch and took in the sight of a totally dark room, stirred with dust and smelling of sulfur. He turned back to Wilbur who was eagerly waiting, with a straight posture, smiling in anticipation. Quackity, never one to disappoint, descended the ladder into the darkness. Wilbur and Ranboo followed behind and shut the trapdoor.

“Now, Quackity” Wilbur began, “You may be wondering why I’ve brought you here.”

“I couldn’t possibly guess, Wilbur” Quackity responded, the three of them completely blind in the darkness.

“Well I have to come clean.” Wilbur continued, “There is no gift. For you at least.”

Quackity’s eyes rolled as he feigned surprise, “I never saw this coming.” he replied.

“You know your horse? Boner?” Wilbur asked with a malicious grin.

“My... My horse?” Quackity grew concerned, “Yes, I know my horse, what have you done with my horse?”

“I’m glad you didn’t forget about it. Just like you did with everything else from your past life.”

“Wilbur, what have you done to my horse?”

“Don’t worry, Quackity. It’s not so much what I’ve done! No! Rather what your horse is about to do to itself!” Wilbur exclaimed with a manic laugh. He walked over to the wall and pulled the lever as suddenly the entire room was flooded with lamplight. A gentle hum overtook the background noise as the three men’s eyes started to adjust to the new surroundings.

There was no horse.

There, stood on the primed pressure plate, scared as all hell, was Tubbo.

“I found your horse, Big Q.” Tubbo said, a shake in his voice, “I think he’s on the surface now.”

“Wilbur, what the fuck is this?” Quackity asked, rage building in him as his hands trembled into a fist, “What’s all that TNT for?”

Wilbur’s face plummeted as he realized what he had done. “Oh no. No, no, no, no, no.” Wilbur shook his head, “Tubbo, how did you get there? Tubbo, don’t move!” Wilbur shouted down into

the cave, a huge dose of terror in his voice.

"I went to find Quackity's horse." Tubbo shouted back, "I only saw he was rigged to explode after I swapped places with him. If I stand still will it still trigger? I don't want to die, Wilbur."

Ranboo scrambled up the ladder to go find help.

"You won't die, Tubbo, it's fine just stay still I'm coming to get you." Wilbur said, placing his palm against the glass

"Wilbur, What have you done?" Quackity asked, shoving Wilbur against the glass of the viewing platform. It creaked gently under their weight. "You want to kill Tubbo to prove a point? You knew he'd come to my aid."

"Quackity, this- this isn't what I was intending I- I- I was gonna blow up your horse." Wilbur was interrupted as Quackity struck him in the stomach with a single punch. Wilbur recoiled with a groan and slumped down to his knees. "Quackity, please I can fix this." he stuttered.

"You've done enough" Quackity spat before averting his attention to Tubbo, "Tubbo, how can we get you out of there?"

Wilbur darted between Quackity's knees and picked up the fake exit door and hurled it at the glass creating a small crack across its surface. "Tubbo, I'm coming to save you!" he yelled.

"Thank you, Wilbur." Tubbo stammered. Wilbur picked up the door again for another throw but before he could even lift it Quackity had tackled him to the ground.

"I said you've done enough, Wilbur." Quackity said, overpowering him, desperately struggling to pick up the door again, blood trickling down from his nose.

Again, Quackity turned his attention to Tubbo, "Tubbo, don't move! What can I do to help?"

"I don't know, Big Q." Tubbo began, "I guess you could drop water on the TNT?"

"No!" Wilbur exclaimed, "The TNT will just explode the second the redstone circuit is broken."

"You are a sick fuck, Wilbur." Quackity said, turning his attention back to the terrorist he was pinning down. "You're a pathetic spineless bastard!"

"Shut up and help me then!" Wilbur shouted, "Start trying to break the glass!"

Quackity ignored him, "Tubbo, how did you get in? We can just go over and get you out the way you came in!"

"I don't remember, Big Q!" Tubbo responded, "I- I dug my way in, I think Boner got out that way."

Quackity muttered something under his breath before releasing Wilbur from his grip and grabbing the door to launch once more at the glass. Wilbur sprung to his feet and grappled the door, struggling to snatch it out of Quackity's hands.

"Let me do this, Quackity. I got Tubbo into this mess, I'll get him out!" Wilbur exclaimed, attempting to wrench the door out of Quackity's grasp.

"He's my citizen! I won't let a citizen of my government die to a terrorist!" Quackity shouted back, refusing to relinquish the door. After a few seconds of struggling, Quackity began trying to kick Wilbur. A flurry of four swift kicks erupted forwards, missing their target before one landed squarely against the body of the door, breaking it into two halves. Wilbur immediately chucked his half of the door against the glass doing very little damage due to the loss in mass.

He cried out in rage and began scrambling on the stone floor. The two, too out of breath to speak, began searching frantically around for an item to hurl at the glass before Wilbur found a sizable rock against the boundary of the room. He held it above his head ready to throw before Quackity tackled him once again and tried to wrestle the rock out of his grip. Tubbo watched as the two struggled for what felt like an hour trying to take the rock from one another before Wilbur finally swung it against Quackity's jaw, knocking him across the room and releasing Wilbur from the grapple.

Immediately, Wilbur threw the rock against the glass, causing it to bounce back across the room. Quackity, now prone, grasped the rock in his hands and threw it over his body directly into the center of the glass pane, shattering it into a thousand pieces. Wilbur recoiled from the explosion of glass shards and fell backwards giving Quackity time to right himself.

“Tubbo, just-” Quackity began, panting out of breath, before Wilbur launched himself against Quackity’s knees once more, knocking him to the floor.

“You never cared about Tubbo, you just care about your image, you maniac.” Wilbur shouted, spitting blood as he attempted to pin Quackity’s arms down, “You just don’t want anyone to know that you failed to protect the one person who still cares about you.”

“Tubbo is my friend as much as he’s my citizen! I’ll protect him at any cost” Quackity responded before biting down hard on Wilbur’s arm. Wilbur released his grip and Quackity easily stood up and began to swing his fist across the side of Wilbur’s head. The viewing platform shook and erupted in a fist fight as the two violently attacked each other, neither party seeming to get the upper hand.

It’s at this point Ranboo broke through the rock above the cave, scattering gray sunlight into the room.

Neither Quackity nor Wilbur saw him collapse into the room and walk up to an increasingly frightened Tubbo. Ranboo placed a single foot onto the pressure plate, put a hand on Tubbo’s shoulder and said,

“Tubbo, you need to move. I have a plan”

Without hesitation Tubbo scrambled towards the ladder connecting the cavern to the viewing platform and climbed it. He turned back to look at Ranboo who smiled at him with the kind eyes he remembered. Tubbo smiled back.

Once Tubbo had ascended the ladder and curled up in the corner Ranboo began to shout.

“Wilbur! Quackity!”

The two immediately stopped fighting and looked down at the new voice. Ranboo stood firmly on the pressure plate.

“Ranboo?” Quackity said, a cold shot dragging down his spine, “Where’s-?” he looked to his left and saw Tubbo, curled up in the corner with his eyes firmly shut.

“It’s okay, guys.” Ranboo began, Wilbur immediately began rushing to enter the main cave before Ranboo raised a hand.

“Stop!” he shouted, “Don’t come closer, stay in the viewing platform.”

“Ranboo, I’ll go find something heavy stay there” Wilbur began but was interrupted by Ranboo shaking his head

“I have an idea,” he began, his words echoing around the cave, “I know what to do. I know how to defuse the bomb and make you realise how frivolous this whole thing is.” he smiled

“But tell me, Wilbur and Quackity... The burgers were good, right?”

“Yes!” Wilbur answered, instantly reacting, “They’re the best. Ranboo and they’ll continue to be the best, let me get you out.”

“No, Wilbur, I just wanted to know is all.”

“But it was never about the burgers was it?” Ranboo said. Ranboo smiled. Ranboo jumped.

Searing flames and a violent burst of air was all that was left.

For a change, the world really did end.

Wilbur felt alive.

End Notes

Thank you for reading

Written by Wilbur Soot

Consultation of dialogue from Quackity and Ranboo

Based on the characters created by Wilbur Soot, Quackity, Ranboo, Tubbo and TommyInnit

Set in the server created by Dream

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